

PIPES OF PAN

NO. I.

FROM THE BOOK  
OF  
MYTHS

BY  
BLISS CARMAN

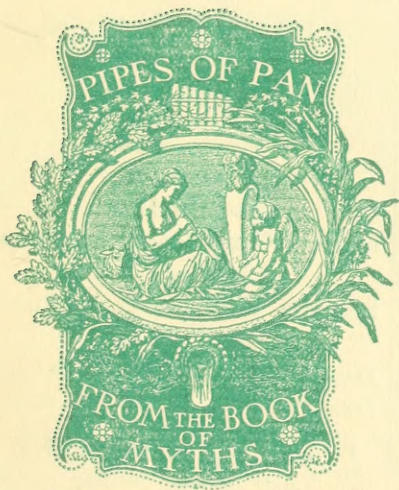


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PIPES OF PAN

BY

BLISS CARMAN

*Five Volumes as follows:*

*NOW READY*

FROM THE BOOK OF MYTHS

FROM THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

*IN PREPARATION*

FROM THE SONGS OF THE SEA CHILDREN

FROM THE BOOK OF GRAND PRÉ

FROM THE BOOK OF PIERROT

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

*New England Building  
Boston, Mass.*



PIPES OF PAN

*Number One*

FROM THE

BOOK OF MYTHS

BY

BLISS CARMAN

AUTHOR OF "LOW TIDE ON  
GRAND PRÉ," "BALLADS OF LOST  
HAVEN," ETC., JOINT AUTHOR  
WITH RICHARD HOVEY OF  
"SONGS FROM VAGA-  
BONDIA," ETC.



BOSTON

L.C. PAGE & COMPANY

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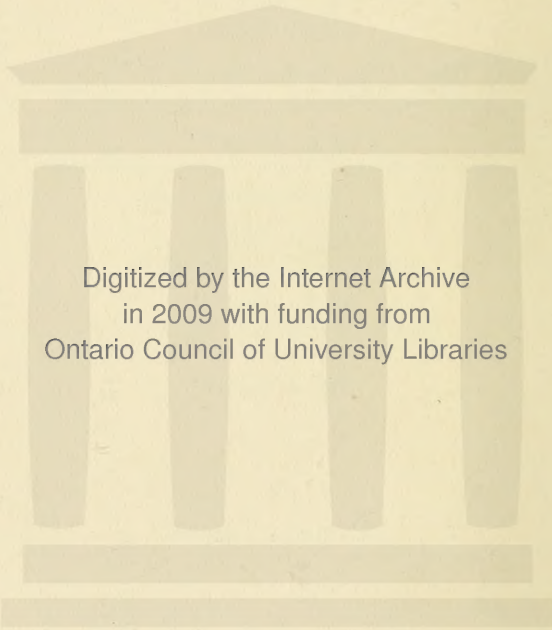
Published, November, 1902



To C. G. D. R.

“For my heart had a touch of the woodland time.”

*The Ghost House,  
Twilight Park in the Catskills,  
August, 1902.*



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## P R E F A C E

It is a hearty old saying that "Good wine needs no bush." Why, then, should the master of a road-house hang out a sign, letting folk know there is good drink within?

Consider the feelings of the landlord, poor man. At once nettled and abashed, he exclaims:

"Pray why should I stick a bough over my door? My tavern is well bespoke for miles about, and all the folk know I serve nothing but good, honest liquor, — and mighty comforting it is of a cold night, when the fire is bright on the hearth, or refreshing on a hot day either."

"Nay, but," says the stranger, "how should a traveller know of this? You must advertise, man. Hang out your sign to attract the passer-by, and increase trade. Trade's the thing. You should be doing a driving business, with a cellar like yours."

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P R E F A C E

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“Huh,” replies the taverner, “I perceive that in the city where you come from it may not be a mark of character in a man to rely wholly upon merit, but that if one would ensure success, he must sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men, as the Word says.”

“Tut, man,” says the stranger, “look at your friend John Doe under the hill yonder. Does a wonderful business. Famous all over the country for his home-brewed ale, and his pockets lined with gold.”

“Yes,” says the host, “John Doe is a good thrifty man and as fine a comrade as you’d wish to find, selling his hundred thousand bottles a year. But the gist of the matter between us isn’t all in quantity, I’ll be bound. Quality is something. And as for myself I would as soon have a bottle of wine as a keg of beer any day. Wine is the poetry of life, in a manner of speaking, and ale you see is the prose, — very good to get along on, but no sorcery in it. Three things, I always say, a man needs have, — meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And

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P R E F A C E

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that's no such easy matter in a difficult world, I can tell you. 'Tis wine that gives a man courage and romance, and puts heart in him for deeds and adventures and all manner of plain wholesome love. And that, after all, is the mainspring with most men, hide it how they may. For what ever was done, that was worth doing, and was not done for a woman or for the sake of a friend, I should like to know?"

"Maybe I hadn't thought of that," says the stranger. "You must have tasted some rare wine in your time."

"Not so much," says the other, "but I was born with a shrewd taste for it, you may say. Moreover I came of a people who were far farers in their day, and have been abroad myself more than once. So it comes you find the foreign vintages in my bins. There's some Greek wine I have, sir, that's more than a century old, I'll wager; and a rare Moon-wine, as they call it, picked up in an out-of-the-way port, that will make you forget your sorrow like a strain of music; light wines from France, too; and some Heather Brose, very old and magical, such as the little dark people used to make hereabout in the times

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P R E F A C E

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of the Celts long ago, — and very good times they were too. It is not these days that have all the wisdom ever was, you may be sure.”

“You are not such a bad advocate, after all,” remarks the stranger. “You speak very invitingly.”

“Step inside,” says the landlord.

BLISS CARMAN.

*October 10, 1902.*

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## OVERLORD.

*πνεῦμα κυρίου ἐπ' ἐμέ.*

Lord of the grass and hill,  
Lord of the rain,  
White Overlord of will,  
Master of pain,

I who am dust and air  
Blown through the halls of death,  
Like a pale ghost of prayer,—  
I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leat,  
Lord of the bloom,  
Sheer Overlord of grief,  
Master of doom,

---

O V E R L O R D

---

Lonely as wind or snow,  
Through the vague world and dim,  
Vagrant and glad I go ;  
I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and lull,  
Lord of the sea,  
I am thy broken gull,  
Blown far alee.

Lord of the harvest dew,  
Lord of the dawn,  
Star of the paling blue  
Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height  
Where the first winds are stirred,  
Out of the wells of night  
I am thy word.

---

O V E R L O R D

---

Lord of the haunted hush,  
Where raptures throng,  
I am thy hermit thrush,  
Ending no song.

Lord of the frost and cold,  
Lord of the North,  
When the red sun grows old  
And day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth,—  
Go glad and free,  
Earth to my mother earth,  
Spirit to thee.

## THE PIPES OF PAN.

*This is something that I heard,—  
Half a cry and half a word,—  
On a magic day in June,  
In the ghostly azure noon,  
Where the wind among the trees  
Made mysterious melodies,  
Such as those which filled the earth  
When the elder gods had birth.*

Ah, the world is growing old !  
Of the joys it used to hold,  
Love and beauty, naught have I  
But the fragrant memory.

Once, ah, once, (ye know the story !)  
When the earth was in her glory,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Ere man gave his heart to breed  
Iron hate and heartless greed,  
Near a meadow by a stream  
Quiet as an ageless dream,  
As I watched from the green rim  
Of a beech grove cool and dim,  
Musing in the pleasant shade  
The soft leafy sunlight made,  
What should gleam and move and quiver  
Down by the clear, pebbly river,  
Where the tallest reeds were growing  
And the bluest iris blowing,—  
Gleam a moment and then pass,  
(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,  
In her summer-fervid dress  
Of sheer love and loveliness !)  
Wayward, melting, shy, and fond,  
Lissome as a bulrush wand,  
Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,  
Sandal lost, and loosened zone,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Our own white Arcadian  
Touched with rose and creamy tan,  
Eyes the colour that might fleck  
The red meadow lily's neck,  
Hair with the soft silky curl  
Of some strayed patrician girl,  
Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,  
Cheek of tawny apricot,  
Parted lips and breast aglow,—  
Who but Syrinx, as ye know !

Gone, swift as a darting swallow,  
What could young Pan do but follow ?  
(Have ye felt the warm blood leap,  
When the soul awakes from sleep,  
At a glance from some dark eye  
Of a sudden passing by ?—  
Known the pulse's hurried throb  
And the breathing's catch and sob,  
When, upon his race with Death,

Life the runner halts for breath,  
Taking with a happy cry  
His brief draught of ecstasy ?)  
Call I did, with only laughter  
Blown back, as I hurried after ;  
Till I reached the riverside,  
Where I last had seen her glide  
In among the reeds, and there  
Lost her. But a breath of air  
Moved the grass-heads, going by,  
And I heard the rushes sigh.

So the chase has always proved ;  
And Pan never yet has loved,  
But the loved one all too soon  
Merged in music and was gone,—  
Melted like a passing strain,  
Vanished like a gust of rain  
Or a footfall of the wind,  
Leaving not a trace behind.

All that once was Pity's stir  
In the soft voice of the fir.  
Lovers, when ye hear that sigh,  
Not without a prayer pass by !  
And, O lovers, when ye hear,  
On a morning soft and clear,  
All that once was Echo still  
Wandering from hill to hill,  
Breathe a prayer lest ye too stray,  
Lost upon the mountain way,  
And go seeking all your lives  
Love, when but his ghost survives !

Then a swaying river reed  
From the water, for my need,  
In a dream I blindly drew,  
Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew,—  
Such a music as was played  
Never yet since earth was made.  
Shrilling, wild and dazed and thin,



---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All my welling heart therein  
Trembled, till the piping grew  
Pure as fire and fine as dew,  
Till confusion was untangled  
From the crowding notes that jangled,  
And a new-created world  
To my wonder was unfurled,  
Sphere by sphere, as climbing sense  
Faltered at the imminence  
Of the fragile thing called soul  
Just beyond oblivion's goal,  
And creation's open door  
Bade me enter and explore.

Slowly hill and stream and wood  
Merged and melted, for my mood,  
With the colour of the sun  
In the pipe I played upon.

Slowly anger from me fell,  
In the coil of that new spell  
My own music laid on me,—  
Like the great rote of the sea,  
Like the whisper of the stream,  
Like a wood bird's sudden gleam,  
Or the gusts that swoop and pass  
Through the ripe and seeding grass,—  
Perfect rhythm and colour cast  
In the perfect mould at last.

Slowly I came back to poise,—  
A new self with other joys,  
Other raptures than before,  
Harming less and helping more.  
I could strive no more for gain;  
Being was my true domain,  
And the smiling peace that ever  
In the end outruns endeavour.  
It was not enough to do;

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

I must feel, but reason too,—  
Find the perfect form and fashion  
For the elemental passion ;  
Else must blemish still be hurled  
On the beauty of the world,—  
Gloom and clang and hate alloy  
Colour, melody, and joy,  
And the violence of error  
Fill the earth with sound and terror.

So I felt the subtle change,  
Large, enduring, keen, and strange ;  
And on that day long ago  
I became the god ye know,  
Made by music out of man.  
Now ye have the pipes of Pan,  
Which ye call by Syrinx' name,  
Keeping bright a little fame  
Few folk ever think upon.  
Ah, but where is Syrinx gone ?

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

*As the mountain twilight stole  
Through the woods from bole to bole,  
A dumb warder setting free  
Every shy divinity,  
I became aware of each  
Presence, aspen, bass, and beech;  
And they all found voice and made  
A green music in the shade.*

Therefore, therefore, mortal man,  
When ye hear the pipes of Pan,  
Marvel not that they should hold  
Something sad and calm and old,  
Like an eerie minor strain  
Running through the strong refrain.  
All there is of human woe  
Pan has fathomed long ago;  
All of sorrow, all of ill,  
Kindly Pan remembers still;  
Disappointment, grief, disdain,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Stifled impulse and bleak pain,—  
Pan has learned them; Pan has known  
Hurts and passions of his own.

Thus Pan knows the secret hid  
Under the Great Pyramid;  
Why young lovers for their love  
Think the stars are light enough,  
And they very well may house  
In the odorous fir boughs,—  
Think there is no light of day  
With the loved one gone away,  
Use in life, nor pleasure more  
By the hearth or out of door,—  
Since all things begin and end  
But to glad the little friend,  
And all gladness is forgot  
Where the little friend is not.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Thus Pan melts your human heart  
With the magic of his art.  
Yet, O heart-distracted man,  
When you hear the pipes of Pan,  
Marvel not that they should hold  
Something sure and strong and bold,  
Like a dominant refrain  
Heartening the minor strain.

Come into the woods once more ;  
Leave the fire and close the door ;  
Trust the spirit that has made  
Musical the light and shade,  
Still to guard you, still to guide you,  
Somewhere in the wood beside you,  
Pace for pace upon the road  
To your larger next abode.  
Though the world should lay a finger  
On your arm to bid you linger,  
Ye shall neither halt nor tarry

(Little be the load ye carry !)  
When ye hear the pipes of Pan  
Shrill and pleading in the van.  
'Tis the music that has freed you  
From the old life, and shall lead you,  
Gently wise and strongly fond,  
To the greater life beyond.  
Yet I whisper to you, " Stay ;  
That new life is here ; to-day  
Is your home, whose roof shall rise  
From the ground before your eyes."

For Pan loves you and is near,  
Though no music you should hear.  
Hearken, hearken ; it will grow,  
Spite of bitterness and woe,  
Clear and sweet and undistraught,  
(This old earth's impassioned thought,)  
And the sorry heart shall learn  
What no rapture could discern.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All the music ye have heard :  
Mountain brook and orchard bird ;  
Fifers in the April swamp,  
Fiddlers leading August's pomp ;  
All the mellow flutes of June  
Melting on the mating tune ;  
Pale tree cricket with his bell  
Ringing ceaselessly and well,  
Sounding silver to the brass  
Of his cousin in the grass ;  
Hot cicada clacking by,  
When the air is dusty dry ;  
Old man owl, with noiseless flight,  
Whoo-hoo-hooing in the night ;  
Surf of ocean, sough of pine ;  
Note of warbler, sharp and fine ;  
Rising wind and falling rain,  
Lowling cattle on the plain ;  
And that hardly noticed sound  
When the apples come to ground,



On the long, still afternoons,  
In the shelter of the dunes ;  
Chir and guggle, bark and cry,  
Bleat, hum, twitter, coo and sigh,  
Mew and belling, hoot and bay,  
Clack and chirrup, croak and neigh,  
Whoof and cackle, whine and creak,  
Honk and chatter, caw and squeak ;  
Wolf and eagle, mink and moose,  
Each for his own joyous use  
Uttering the heart's desire  
As the season bade aspire ;  
Folk of meadow, crag, and dale,  
Open barren and deep swale,—  
Every diverse rhythm and time  
Brought to order, ranged in rhyme :  
All these bubbling notes once ran  
Thrilling through the pipes of Pan.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Think you Pan forgets the tune  
Learned beneath the slim new moon,  
When these throbbings all were blent  
To the dominant intent ?

All the beauties ye have seen :  
Autumn scarlet, young spring green ;  
Floating mists that drift and follow  
Up the dark blue mountain hollow ;  
Yellow sunlight, silver spray ;  
The wild creatures at their play ;  
Through still hours the floating seed  
Of the thistle and milkweed,  
And the purple asters snowed  
In a drift beside the road ;  
Swarthy fern by pebbly shoal ;  
Mossed and mottled beech-tree bole ;  
Fireflies in a dewy net,  
When the summer eves are wet ;  
All the bright, gay-coloured things

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THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Buoyed in air on balanced wings;  
All earth's wonder; then the sea  
In his lone immensity  
Only the great stars can share,  
And the life uncounted there,  
Where the coral gardens lie  
And the painted doves go by,  
In the water-light and gloom,  
Silent till the day of doom:  
These have lent, as beauty can,  
Colour to the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the key  
Of their primal melody,—  
Phrase and motive to revive  
Every drooping soul alive?

All the wilding rapture shared  
With the loved one, when ye dared  
(Lip to lip and knee to knee)

Force the door of destiny,—  
Greatly loved and greatly gave,  
Too divine to stint or save ;  
All the passion ye have poured  
For the joy of the adored,  
Spending without thought or measure  
Young delight and priceless treasure,  
Grown immortal in the hour  
When fresh manhood came in flower ;  
All the ecstasy unpent  
From sweet ardours finding vent  
In the coming on of spring,  
When the rainy uplands ring,  
And the misty woods unfold  
To the magic as of old ;  
All the hot, delicious swoon  
Of the teeming summer noon,  
When the year is brought to prime  
By the bees among the thyme,  
And each mortal heart made over

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

By the wind among the clover :  
All these glad things ye shall find  
With a free and single mind,  
Dreaming eye and cheek of tan,  
Lurking in the pipes of Pan.

*So the forest wind went by,—  
Half a word and half a sigh,—  
On a magic night in June,  
When the wondrous silent moon  
Flooded the blue mountain clove,  
And the stream in my beech grove  
Uttered secrets strange and deep,  
Like one talking in his sleep.*

Would ye enter, maid and man,  
The novitiate of Pan?  
Know the secret of the strain  
Lures you through the summer plain,  
Guess the meaning of the thrill

Haunts you on the autumn hill ?  
Would ye too contrive a measure  
Out of love, to fill your leisure ?  
Learn to fashion a flute-reed  
That should answer to love's need,  
When the spirit in you cries  
To be given form and guise  
Others may perceive and love,  
Fair and much accounted of,—  
Craves to be the tenant heart  
In some wild, new, lovely art,  
Such as haunts the glades of spring  
When the woodlands bloom and ring ?

While the silver night still broods  
On the mountain solitudes,  
And the great white planet still  
Is undimmed upon the hill,—  
Ere a hint of subtile change  
Steals across the purple range

To arouse the sleeping bird,—  
Hear the wise old master's word,  
When he leads the pregnant notes  
From the reedy golden throats,  
And the traveller, in their spell,  
Halts, and wonders what they tell !

Here is Pan's green flower, the earth,  
He has tended without dearth,  
Brought to blossom, fruit, and seed  
By the sap's imperious need,  
When the season of the sun  
Sets its fervour free to run.  
Sap of tree and pith of man,  
Ah, but they are dear to Pan !  
Not a creature stirs or moves,  
But Pan heartens and approves ;  
Not a being loves or dies,  
But Pan knows the sacrifice.  
Man or stripling, wife or maid,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Pan is ever by to aid ;  
And no harm can come to you,  
But his great heart feels it, too.

Love's use let the joiner prove  
By the fit of tongue and groove ;  
Or the smith, whose forge's play  
Stubborn metal must obey ;  
Let the temple-builders own,  
As they mortise stone to stone ;  
Or the sailor, when he reeves  
Sheet and halliard through the sheaves ;  
Or the potter, from whose wheel  
Fair and finished shapes upsteal,  
As by magic of command,  
Guided by the loving hand.

Ye behold in love the tether  
Binding the great world together ;  
For without that coil of wonder



---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

The round world would fall asunder,  
And your hearts be filled with sadness  
At a great god's seeming madness,  
Where they now have peace, and hope,  
Somewhere, somehow, time will ope,  
And the loneliness be sated,  
And the longing be abated  
In the loved one, lovely past  
All imagining at last,  
Melting, fragrant, starry-eyed,  
Like a garden in its pride,  
Odorous with hint and rapture  
Of soft joys no word can capture.

Ah, the sweet Pandean strain !  
He who hears it once shall gain  
Freedom of the open door,  
Willing to go back no more.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

When ye hear the sea pipes thunder,  
Bow the loving heart in wonder ;  
When ye hear the wood pipes play,  
Lift the door latch and away ;  
When ye hear the hill pipes calling,  
Where the pure cold brooks are falling,  
Follow till your feet have found  
The desired forgotten ground,  
And ye know, past all unlearning,  
By the raptured quench of yearning,  
What the breath is to the reed  
Whence the magic notes are freed,—  
What new life the gods discover  
To the loved one and the lover,  
When their fabled dreams come true  
In the wondrous fair and new.

For the music of the earth,  
Helping joy-of-heart to birth,  
(Field note, wood note, wild or mellow,

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Bidding all things fare and fellow,)  
Means that wisdom lurks behind  
The enchantment of the mind ;  
And your longing keen and tense  
Still must trust the lead of sense,—  
Hint of colour, form, and sound,—  
Till it reach the perfect round,  
And completed blend its strain  
With the haunted pipes again.  
Ye must learn the lift and thrill  
That elate the wood pipes still ;  
Feel the ecstasy and shiver  
Of the reed notes in the river ;  
Shudder to the minor trace  
In the sea's eternal bass,  
And give back the whole heart's treasure  
To supreme the music's measure,  
Glad that love should sink and sound  
All the beauty in earth's bound.

---

THE PIPES OF PAN

---

All this loveliness which ran  
Searching through the pipes of Pan,—  
All this love must merge and blend  
With Pan's piping in the end.  
All the knowledge ye draw near  
At the ripening of the year,  
Living one day at a time,  
Innocent of fear or crime,  
(When the mountain slopes put on  
Their brave scarlet in the sun,  
When the sea assumes a blue  
Such as April never knew,  
And the marshes, fields, and skies  
Sing with colour as day dies,)  
Peaceful, undistracted, free,  
In your earth-born piety ;  
All the love when friend for friend  
Dared misfortune to the end,—  
Fronted failure, flouted harm,  
For the sake of folding arm,—

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THE PIPES OF PAN

---

Bravelier trod the earth, and bolder,  
For the touch of hand on shoulder ;  
All the homely smiles and tears  
Ever given childish years ;  
Every open, generous deed  
Lending help to human need ;  
Every kindness to age,  
Every impulse true and sage,  
Lifting concord out of strife,  
Bringing beauty into life :  
These no feeble faith can ban  
Ever from the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the scheme  
Or the cadence of his theme ?  
Ah, your wit must still discover  
No mere madness of a lover,  
Headstrong, whimsical, and blind,  
But a prompting sane and kind,  
Scope and purpose, hint and plan,

Lurking in the pipes of Pan ;  
Calling ever, smooth and clear,  
Courage to the heeding ear ;  
Fluting ever, sweet and high,  
Wisdom to the passer-by ;  
Sounding ever, soft and far,  
Happiness no grief can mar.

This enchantment Pan bequeaths  
Unto every lip that breathes ;  
Cunning unto every hand  
Agile under will's command ;  
Unto every human heart  
The inheritance of art,  
Lighted only by a gleam  
Of the dear and deathless dream,—  
Power out of hurt and stain  
To bring beauty back again,  
And life's loveliness restore  
To a toiling age once more.

Yes, the world is growing old,  
But the joys it used to hold,  
Love and beauty, only grow  
Greater as they come and go,—  
Larger, keener, and more splendid,  
Seen to be superbly blended,  
As the cadenced years go by,  
Into chord and melody,  
Strong and clear as ever ran  
Over the rude pipes of Pan.

*So the music passed and died  
In the dark green mountain side;  
The entranced ravine took on  
A new purple, faint and wan;  
And I heard across the bush  
A far solitary thrush  
From the hemlocks deep and still  
Fluting day upon the hill.*

## MARSYAS.

In Celænæ by Meander lived a youth once long  
ago,  
And one passion great and splendid brimmed  
his heart to overflow,—  
Filled the world for him with beauty, sense and  
colour, joy and glow.

Not ambition and not power, love nor luxury  
nor fame,  
Beckoned him to join their pageant, summoned  
Marsyas by name,  
Bidding unreluctant spirit dare to keep the  
soaring aim ;



---

M A R S Y A S

---

But the sorceries of music, note and rapture,  
tone and thrill,  
Sounding the serene enchantment over meadow,  
stream and hill,  
Blew for him the undesisting magic call-note,  
followed still.

And he followed. Heart of wonder, how the  
keen blue smoke upcurled  
From the shepherd huts to heaven! How the  
dew lay silver-pearled  
Where sleek sided cattle wandered through the  
morning of the world!

On a stream bank lay the idler dreaming  
dreams — for it was Spring —  
And he heard the frogs in chorus make the  
watery marshes ring;  
Heard new comers at their nesting in the vine-  
yards pipe and sing;

---

M A R S Y A S

---

Heard the river lisp below him ; heard the wind  
chafe reed on reed ;  
Every earth-imprisoned creature finding vent  
and voice at need.  
Ah ! if only so could mortal longing and delight  
be freed !

Hark ! What piercing unknown cry comes steal-  
ing o'er the forest ground,  
Pouring sense and soul together in an ecstasy  
new-found ?  
Dream's fulfilment brought to pass and life  
untethered at a bound !

Then it pauses, and the youth beyond the river-  
bend perceives  
A divine one in her beauty stand, half-hidden  
by the leaves,  
Fingering a wondrous wood-pipe, whence the  
clear sound joys or grieves.

---

M A R S Y A S

---

As he looked, entranced and musing at the  
    marvel of the strain,  
All her loveliness uninctured with a madness  
    touched his brain,  
And love, like a vernal fever, dyed him with its  
    scarlet stain.

But Athene, glancing downward in the silver  
    of the stream,  
As she fluted, saw her perfect mouth distorted  
    by a seam ;  
Faltered, stopped, and, disconcerted, seemed to  
    ponder half in dream

For a rueful moment ; and then with reluctance  
    tossed the reed  
She had fashioned in a happy leisure mood to  
    serve her need  
Back into the tranquil river, nothing but a river  
    weed,

---

M A R S Y A S

---

All the cunning life that filled it quenched and  
spilt and flung away,  
To go seaward to oblivion on a wandering  
stream. But stay !  
The young Phrygian lad has seen it,— marked  
the current set his way,—

Stooped and picked it from the water ; put the  
treasure-trove to lip ;  
Blown his first breath, faint yet daring ; felt the  
wild notes crowd and slip  
Into melody and meaning from each testing  
finger-tip.

Then, ah, then had mortal spirit sweep and  
room at last to range  
The lost limits of creation and the borderlands  
of change,  
All earth's loveliness transmuting into some-  
thing new and strange ;

---

M A R S Y A S

---

All of beauty, all of knowledge, all of wonder,  
fused and caught

In the rhythmus of the music, weaving out of  
sense and thought

And a touch of love the fabric out of which the  
world was wrought.

And the joy of each new cadence, as the glad  
notes pressed and cried,

Eager for the strain's fulfilment, as they rose  
and merged and died

In the music's utmost measure, filled the rose-  
grey mountain side,—

Touched the sheep-bells in the meadow, moved  
the rushes in the stream,

And suffused the youth with glory as he passed  
from theme to theme;

Made him as the gods of morning in the ampler  
air of dream.

---

M A R S Y A S

---

Ah, what secret, what enchantment so could  
    help the human need,  
Save the breath of life that lingered in the hollow  
    of the reed,  
Since the careless mouth of beauty blessed it —  
    with so little heed ?

There he stood, a youth transfigured in the  
    young world's golden glow.  
Made immortal in a moment by the music's  
    melting flow,  
Pattern of the artist's glory for the after years  
    to know.

There he stands for us in picture, with the pipe  
    whereon he plays ;  
The slow, large-eyed cattle wonder, and the  
    flocks forget to graze,  
While upon the hill a shepherd turns and listens  
    in amaze.

---

M A R S Y A S

---

In the woods the timid creatures, reassured,  
    approach and peer,  
Half aware the charm's allurements they must  
    follow as they hear  
Is the first far-looked-for presage of the banish-  
    ment of fear.

Silence falls upon the woodland, quiet settles on  
    the plain ;  
Earth and air and the blue heaven, without  
    harm or taint or stain,  
Are restored to their old guise of large serenity  
    again.

Thus the player at his piping in the early mode  
    and grave  
Took from Wisdom the inventress what the  
    earth in bounty gave,  
And therein to round completion put the beating  
    heart and brave.

---

M A R S Y A S

---

So, you artists and musicians, earth awaits per-  
fection still ;  
Wisdom tarries by the brookside, beauty loiters  
on the hill,  
For the love that shall reveal them with the yet  
undreamed-of skill.

Love be therefore all your passion, the one  
ardour that ye spend  
To enhance the craft's achievement with signi-  
cance and trend,  
Making faultless the wild strain that else were  
faulty to the end.

Love must lend the magic cadence — that un-  
earthly dying fall  
When the simple sweet earth-music takes us  
captive past recall,  
And the loved one and the lover lose this world,  
nor care at all.



## DAPHNE.

I know that face !  
In some lone forest place,  
When June brings back the laurel to the hills,  
Where shade and sunlight lacc,

Where all day long  
The brown birds make their song —  
A music that seems never to have known  
Dismay nor haste nor wrong —

I once before  
Have seen thee by the shore,  
As if about to shed the flowery guise  
And be thyself once more.

Dear, shy, soft face,  
With just the elfin trace  
That lends thy human beauty the last touch  
Of wild, elusive grace !

Can it be true,  
A god did once pursue  
Thy gleaming beauty through the glimmering  
wood,  
Drenched in the Dorian dew,

Too mad to stay  
His hot and headstrong way,  
Demented by the fragrance of thy flight,  
Heedless of thy dismay ?

But I to thee  
More gently fond would be,  
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words  
And woodland melody ;

Take pipe and play  
Each forest fear away ;  
Win thee to idle in the leafy shade  
All the long Summer day ;

Tell thee old tales  
Of love, that still avails  
More than all mighty things in this great world,  
Still wonderworks nor fails ;

Teach thee new lore,  
How to love more and more,  
And find the magical delirium  
In joys unguessed before.

I would try over  
And over to discover  
Some wild, sweet, foolish, irresistible  
New way to be thy lover —

---

D A P H N E

---

New, wondrous ways  
To fill thy golden days,  
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,  
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,  
Deep in the brookside fern,  
The magic of the syrinx whispering low  
With bubbly fall and turn ;

Mock every note  
Of the green woodbird's throat,  
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,  
Should form and float

Far through the hills,  
Where mellow sunlight fills  
The world with joy, and from the purple vines  
The brew of life distils.

Ah, then indeed  
Thy heart should have no need  
To tremble at a footfall in the brake,  
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,  
And I should make thy home  
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star  
Hung in the dark blue dome —

A fragrant house  
Of woven balsam boughs,  
Where the great Cyprian mother should receive  
Our warm unsullied vows.

## THE LOST DRYAD.

Where are you gone from the forest,  
Leaving the mountain-side lonely  
And all the beech woods deserted,  
O my dear Daphne ?

All the day long I go seeking  
Trace of your flowerlike footprint.  
Will not the dew on the meadow  
Tell tale of Daphne ?

Will not the sand on the sea-shore  
Treasure that magical impress  
For the disconsolate longing  
Lover of Daphne ?

---

THE LOST DRYAD

---

Will not the moss and the fern-bed  
Bearing the mould of her beauty,  
Tell me where wandered and rested  
Rose-golden Daphne?

All the night through I go hearkening  
Every wild murmurous echo,—  
Hint of your laughter,— the birdlike  
Voice of my Daphne.

Why do the poplar leaves whisper  
Things to themselves in the silence,  
Though no wind visits the valley,  
Daphne, my Daphne?

Listen! I hear their small voices,  
An elfin multitude, mingle,  
Lisp in silver-leaf language,  
“Daphne, O Daphne!”

---

THE LOST DRYAD

---

Listen ! I hear the cold hill-brook  
Plash down the clove on its pebbles,  
And the ravine drenched in moonlight  
Echoing, " Daphne ! "

" Daphne," the rain says at nightfall ;  
" Daphne," the wind breathes at morning ;  
And a voice troubles the hot noon  
Uttering " Daphne. "

Ah, what impassioned remembrance,  
In the dark pines in the starlight,  
Touches the dream of your wood-thrush,  
O my lost Daphne,

Dyeing his sleep like a bubble  
Coloured for joy, and the note comes,  
Golden, enchanted, eternal,  
Calling for Daphne !



---

THE LOST DRYAD

---

O Mother Earth, at how many  
Thresholds of lone-dwelling mortals  
Must I, a wayfarer, tarry,  
Asking for Daphne? —

How many times see their faces  
Fade to incredulous wonder,  
Hearing in some remote vale  
The story of Daphne,

Ere I at last through the twilight  
Hear the soft rapturous outcry,  
And as of old there will greet me  
Far-wandered Daphne?

## THE DEAD FAUN.

Who hath done this thing? What wonder is  
this that lies

On the green earth so still under purple skies,  
Like a hyacinth shaft the careless mower has  
cut

And thought of no more?

Who hath wrought this pitiful wrong on the  
lovely earth?

What ruthless hand could ruin that harmless  
mirth?

O heart of things, what undoing is here, never  
now

To be mended more!

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

No more, O beautiful boy, shall thy fleet feet  
stray

Through the cool beech wood on the shadowy  
mountain way,

Nor halt by the well at noon, nor trample the  
flowers

On the forest floor.

Thy beautiful light-seeing gold-green eyes, so  
glad

When day came over the hill, so wondrous sad

When the burning sun went slowly under the  
sea,

Shall look no more.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Thy nimble fingers that plucked the fruit from  
the bough,  
Or fondled the nymph's bright hair and filleted  
brow,  
Or played the wild mellow pipe of thy father  
Pan,  
Shall play no more.

Thy sensitive ears that knew all the speech of  
the wood,  
Every call of the birds and the creatures, and  
understood  
What the wind to the water said, what the  
river replied,  
Shall hear no more.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Thy scarlet and lovely mouth which the dryads  
knew,  
Dear whimsical ardent mouth that love spoke  
through,  
For all the kisses of life that it took and gave,  
Shall say no more.

Who hath trammelled those feet that never  
again shall rove?

Who hath bound these hands that never again  
shall move?

Who hath quenched the lamp in those eyes that  
never again  
Shall be lighted more?

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Who hath stopped those ears from our heart-  
broken words forever?

Who hath sealed that wonderful mouth with its  
secret forever?

Who hath touched this innocent being with  
pitiless death,  
And he is no more?

He was fair as a mortal and spiritual as a  
flower;

He knew no hate, but was happy within the  
hour.

The Gods had given him beauty and freedom  
and joy,  
Could they give no more?

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Is all their wisdom and power so fond a thing?  
Must he perish, nor ever return with returning  
    Spring,  
But be left like a dead-ripe fruit on the ground  
    for a stranger  
    To find and deplore?

They have given to mortal man the immortal  
    scope,  
The perilous chance, unrest and remembrance  
    and hope,  
That imperfection may come to perfection still  
    By some fabled shore.

---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

Did they give this being, this marvellous work  
of their hands,

No breath of the greater life with its grief and  
demands ?

Do beauty and love without bitter knowledge  
attain

    This and no more ?

The wind may whisper to him, he will heed  
no more ;

The leaves may murmur and lisp, he will  
laugh no more ;

The oreads weep and be heavy at heart for  
him,

    He will care no more.



---

THE DEAD FAUN

---

The reverberant thrushes may peal from the  
hemlock glooms,

The summer clouds be woven on azure looms ;

He is done with all lovely things of earth for-  
ever

And ever more.

## AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB.

What old grey ruin can this be,  
Beside the blue Saronic Sea ?  
What tomb is this, what temple here,  
Thus side by side so many a year ?

This is that temple Phædra built  
To Aphrodite, having spilt  
Her whole heart's great warm love in vain,  
One lovely mortal's love to gain ;  
Yet trusting by that fervent will,  
Consuming and unconquered still,  
In spite of failure and of fate,  
By favour of the gods to sate  
Her splendid lost imperious  
Mad love for young Hippolytus,  
Whose brilliant beauty seemed to glow

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

Like a tall Alp in rosy snow,  
While love and passion, wind and fire,  
Flared through the field of her desire.

“ Great Mother, come from Paphos now  
With benediction on thy brow,  
And pity ! Not beneath the sun  
Lives such another hapless one.  
O Aphrodite of the sea,  
For love have mercy upon me !  
Give me his beauty now to slake  
This body's longing and soul's ache !  
Touch his cold heart until he know  
The divine sorrow of love's woe.”

What madness hers, what folly his !  
And all their beauty come to this  
Epitome of mortal doom —  
A name, a story, and a tomb !

---

A T P H Æ D R A ' S T O M B

---

Have ye not seen the fog from sea  
On Autumn mornings silently  
Steal in to land, and wrap the sun  
With its grey, cold oblivion ?

The goddess would not smile on her,  
On him no gentler mood confer.  
He still must flush his maiden whim ;  
She still must leash her love for him,  
A fancy lawless and superb,  
Too wild to tame, too strong to curb,  
Too great for her to swerve or stay  
In our half-hearted modern way.

Have ye not seen the fog from land  
Blow out to sea, and leave the band  
Of orange marsh and lilac shore  
To brood in Autumn peace once more ?

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

So there survives the magic fame  
Of her imperishable name,—  
Light from a time when love was great,  
And strong hearts had no fear of fate,  
But lived and strove and wrought and died,  
With beauty for their only guide.

And yet this temple, raised and wrought  
With prayers and tears, availed her naught.  
The years with it have had their will;  
Her soft name is a by-word still  
For thwarted spirit, vexed and teased  
By yearnings that cannot be eased,—  
The soul that chafes upon the mesh  
Of tenuous yet galling flesh.

How blue that midday shadow is  
In the white dust of Argolis! . . .  
This is her tomb. . . . See, near at hand,  
This myrtle! Here she used to stand

---

AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

---

Those days when her love-haunted eyes  
Saw her new-built hope arise,  
Watching the masons set the stone  
And fingering her jewelled zone,  
Or moving restless to and fro,  
Her pale brows knit a little, so.

Look! every leaf pierced through and through!  
I doubt not the gold pin she drew  
From her dark hair, and, as the storm  
Of love swept through her lovely form  
With pique and passion, thrust on thrust,  
Vented her vehemence. O dust,  
That once entempled such a flame  
With beauty, colour, line and name,  
And gave great Love a dwelling-place  
Behind so fair, so sad a face,  
Where is thy wilful day-dream now,  
That passionate lip, that moody brow?

---

A T P H Æ D R A ' S T O M B

---

Ah, fair Greek woman, if there bloom  
Some flower of knowledge in the gloom,  
Receive the piteous, loving sigh  
Of one more luckless passer-by.  
Peace, peace, wild heart! Unsatisfied  
Has every mortal lived and died,  
Since thy dear beauty found a bed  
Forever with the dreaming dead,  
In seagirt Hellas long ago,  
Immortal for thy mortal woe!

## A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

O pipes of Pan,  
Make me a man,  
As only your piercing music can!  
When I set my lip  
To your reedy lip,  
And you feel the urging man-breath slip

Through fibre and flake,  
Bidding you wake  
To the strange new being for beauty's sake,  
I pray there be  
Returned to me  
The strength of the hills and the strength of  
the sea.



---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

O river reed,  
In whom the need  
Of the journeying river once was freed,  
As of old your will  
Was the water's will,  
To quiver and call or sleep and be still,

So now anew  
I breathe in you  
The ardour no alchemy can subdue,  
And add the dream,—  
The immortal gleam  
That never yet fell on meadow or stream.

I breathe and blow  
On your dumb mouth so,  
Till your lurking soul is alive and aglow.  
Ah, breathe in me  
The strength of the sea,  
The calm of the hills and the strength of the sea!

---

A Y O U N G P A N ' S P R A Y E R

---

Love, joy, and fear,  
From my faint heart here,  
Shall melt in your cadence wild and clear.  
With freedom and hope  
I range and grope,  
Till I find new stops in your earthly scope.

The pleading strain  
Of pathos and pain,  
The diminished chord and the lost refrain ;  
The piercing sigh,  
The joyous cry,  
The sense of what shall be bye and bye ;

The grief untold  
Out of man's heart old,  
Which endures that another may still be bold ;  
The wiser will  
That foregoes self-will  
And aspires to truth beyond trammel or ill ;

---

A Y O U N G P A N ' S P R A Y E R

---

Ambition unsure,  
And the splendid lure  
Of whim in his harlequin vestiture ;  
And the reach of sound  
Into thought's profound ;  
All these I add to your power earth-bound ;

But most, the awe  
That perceives where law  
Is revealed at last without fault or flaw,—  
The touch of mind  
That would search and find  
The measure of beauty, the purpose of kind.

So with the fire  
Of man's desire  
Your notes shall outreach the mountain choir.  
Brook, breeze, and bird  
Shall hear the Word,  
And know 'tis their master they have heard.

---

A Y O U N G P A N ' S P R A Y E R

---

And the lowly reed,  
Whose only need  
Was to sigh with the wind in the river weed,  
Shall be heard as far  
As from star to star,  
Where Algol answers to Algebar.

For the soul must trace  
Her wondrous race  
By a seventh sense on the charts of space,  
Till she come at last,  
Through the vague and vast,  
To her own heart's haven fixed and fast.

O pipes of Pan,  
Whose music ran  
Through the world ere ever my age began,  
When I set my lip  
To your woodland lip,  
I pray some draft of your virtue slip

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

From each mellow throat,  
As note by note,  
A learner, I try for the secret rote,—  
The rhythm and theme  
That shall blend man's dream  
Of perfection with nature's imperfect scheme!

Blow low, blow high,  
Your haunting cry  
For me, a wayfarer passing by;  
Blow soft or keen,  
I shall listen and lean  
To catch what your whispered messages mean.

I shall hear, and heed  
The voice of the reed,  
And be glad of my kinfolk's word, indeed.  
I shall hearken and hear  
Your untroubled cheer  
From the earth's deep heart, serene and clear.

---

A Y O U N G P A N ' S P R A Y E R

---

Blow cold and shrill,  
As the wind from the hill,  
I yet shall follow to learn your will ;  
Blow soft and warm,  
As an April storm,  
I shall listen and feel my soul take form.

Blow glad and strong,  
As the grosbeak's song,  
And I mount with you over hurt and wrong ;  
Blow little and thin,  
As the cricket's din ;  
But my door is wide, and I bid them in.

Blow, blow till there be  
Inbreathed in me  
Tinge of the loam and tang of the sea,—  
A vagrom man,  
Favoured of Pan,  
Made out of ardour and sinew and tan,

---

A Y O U N G P A N ' S P R A Y E R

---

With the seeing eye  
For meadow and sky,  
The want only beauty can satisfy,  
And the wandering will,  
The questing will,  
The inquisitive, glad, unanxious will,

That must up and away  
On the brave essay  
Of the fair and far through the long sweet day,—  
Of the fine and true,  
The wondrous and new,  
All the warm radiant bright world through.

Blow me the tune  
Of the ripe red moon,  
I shall sleep like a child by the roadside soon;  
And the tune of the sun;  
When our piping is done,  
Lo, others shall finish what we have begun.

---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

For the spell we cast  
Shall prevail at last,—  
When fault is forgotten and failure past,—  
Prevail and restore  
To earth once more  
The lost enchantment, the wonder-lore.

And I must attain  
To the road again,  
With the wandering dust and the wandering  
rain,—  
A sojourner too  
My way pursue,  
Who am spirit and substance, even as you.

Then give me the slow  
Large will to grow,  
As your fellows down by the brookside grow.  
Ah, blow, and breed  
In my manhood's need  
The long sweet patience of flower and seed!



---

A YOUNG PAN'S PRAYER

---

O pipes of Pan,  
Make me a man,  
As only your earthly music can ;  
And create in me  
From your melody  
The strength of the hills and the strength of  
the sea !

## THE TIDINGS TO OLAF.

*This is a question arose in the Norseland long ago,  
About the time of Yule, the season of joy and snow.  
To-morrow, our Christmas Day, can you answer  
    straight and true,  
After these thousand years, when the question comes  
    to you ?*

Olaf sat on his throne, and the priest of Thor  
    stood by ;  
And the King's eyes were grey as the December  
    sky.

“ Whom shall we serve, O King — the god  
    of thy fathers, Thor,  
Who made us lords of the sea, and gave us our  
    land in war,

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Who follows our battle flag over the barren  
brine,  
Who braces the bursting heart when the rowers  
bend in line,

“Who hath made us the fear of the world and  
the envy of the earth,  
Whose splendour sustains us in death, who hath  
given us plenty for dearth,

“Or this poor, thought-ridden Jew, an outcast  
whose head was priced  
At thirty pieces of silver, this friendless anarchist,  
Christ ?

“Is not thine empire spread over the Western  
Isles ?  
Are not thy people sown wherever the sun-path  
smiles ?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Do there not come to thee iron and gems  
and corn ?

Does not thy glory blaze wherever our trade  
is borne ?

“Over the red sea-rim thy galleys go down  
with the sun ;

Beyond the gates of the storm thy written  
mandates run.

“Behold, new lands arise to the lift of thy dar-  
ing prows,

And health and riches and joy prosper thy fir-  
built house.

“Is there lack to thee of aught the strength of  
thy folk can give,

When the will and the longing come to stretch  
out thy hand and live ?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Honey and fruit and wine, are they not piled  
on the board ?

Do not a hundred tribes pay tribute to our  
Lord ?

“Olaf, beloved of the gods ! Is there an out-  
land tongue,

Is there an isle of the sea where thy praise has  
not been sung ?

“Scarlet and silk and gold gleam on thy breast  
and brow.

Had the kings of the earth of old such honour  
and freedom as thou ?

“Might and dominion and power and majesty,  
are they not thine ?

Will the seed of warrior kings dishonour the  
war-god's shrine ?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“ O King, do I speak this day in thy name, or  
forevermore  
Let perish the ancient creed? By thy grace,  
is it Christ or Thor? ”

Olaf sat on his throne. And the Priest of Thor  
gave place  
To a pale dark monk. All eyes were bent on  
the stranger's face.

“ O King, how shall I speak and answer this  
wisdom of eld?  
Yet the new trees of the forest spring up where  
the old are felled.

“ When the sombre and ancient firs are laid  
in the dust, in your North,  
The tender young green of the birch and the  
delicate aspen put forth.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Is the land left naked and bare, because the  
brush-fires have run ?

Ye have seen the soft carpet of fern spread  
down where the blackening was done.

“With beauty God covers the ground, no acre  
too poor to befriend,

That thou and I and all men may perceive and  
comprehend.

“He carries the sea in His hand, He lights the  
stars in the sky,

And whispers over thy soul as the shadows  
move on the rye.

“The King has his kingly state, but his heart is  
the heart of man,

Swept over by clouds of grief, then sunlit with  
joy for a span.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“And every living spirit that is clothed with  
flesh and bone

Is just so much of God's being, His presence  
revealed and known.

“We are part of God's breath, as the gust,  
whereby thy hearth-fire is fanned,

Is part of the wild north-wind that rolls the  
breakers to land.

“We are a part of His life, as the waves are a  
part of the sea,

A moment uplift in the sun, then merged in  
eternity.

“What is it, O man and King, that stretches  
between us twain,

Like the living tides that gird the islands of the  
main?



---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“What lifts thy name, Olaf, aloft on the shout  
of thy folk in war?

What keeps it warm by the hearth? Is it the  
favour of Thor?

“No! ’Tis the love of thy people, the great  
common love of thy kind,

The thing that is old as the sun and stronger  
than the wind.

“And, Olaf, all these things, these goods  
which thy priest proclaims,

That make thee a lord among men, and give  
thee a name above names,

“Are gifts of the spirit of love. Take away  
love, and thy throne

Melts like a word on the air; thou art a name  
unknown.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“ Is the King heavy at heart, and no man can  
tell him why ;  
What does his glory avail to put the heavi-  
ness by ?

“ But like any poor nameless man among men,  
the mighty King  
Is heartened among his folk by the simple love  
they bring.

“ Is the King weary in mind, and none can  
lighten his mood ;  
What cheers him to power anew but thought  
of his people's good ?

“ To love, to know, and to do ! So we grow  
perfect apace,  
The human made more divine, as the old to  
the new gives place.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“But who will show us the way,— be lantern  
and staff and girth?

Where is the Light of the World and the  
Sweetness of the Earth?

“The King has a thousand men, yet one more  
brave than the rest;

The King has a hundred bards, yet one the  
wisest and best;

“The King has a score of friends, yet one most  
accounted of.

And now, if these three were one, in courage,  
in wisdom and love,

“There were the matchless friend, whose cause  
should enlist all lands,

Gentle, intrepid, and true. And there, O King,  
Christ stands.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Freedom and knowledge and joy, not mine  
nor any man’s,  
But open to all the earth without proscription  
or bans,

“Where is the bringer of these? His hand is  
upon thy door.  
And He who knocks, O King, is a greater God  
than Thor.

“Olaf, ’tis Yule in the world; the old creeds  
groan and fall,  
The ice of doubt at their heart, the snows of  
fear over all.

“But now, even now, O friends, deep down in  
the kindly earth,  
Are not the marvellous seeds awaiting the hour  
of birth?

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“Even now in the sunlit places, do not the  
saplings prepare  
To unfold their new growth to the light, un-  
sheathe their rich buds on the air ?

“And so, from the dark, sweet mould of the  
human heart will arise,  
To enmorning the world with light and this  
life emparadise,

“The deathless, young glory of love. And  
valley and hill and plain  
And fields and cities of men, they shall not  
sorrow again.

“For there shall be freedom and peace and  
beauty in that far spring,  
And folk shall go forth without fear, and be  
glad at their work and sing.

---

THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

---

“ And men will hallow this day with His name  
    who died on the tree,  
For the cause of eternal love, in the service of  
    liberty.

“ O King, shall the feet of Truth come in  
    through thy open door,  
Or alone out of all the world be debarred? Is  
    it Christ or Thor? ”

The King sat on his throne, and the two priests  
    stood by.

And Olaf's eyes grew mild as a blue April sky.

*Thus were the tidings to Olaf brought in the early  
    days,*

*To be a lamp in his house, and a sign-post in the  
    ways.*

*And you, O men and women, does it concern you at  
    all,*

*That Truth still cries at the cross-roads, and you  
    do not heed his call?*

THE PRAYER IN THE ROSE  
GARDEN.

Lord of this rose garden,  
At the end of May,  
Where thy guests are bidden  
To tarry for a day,

Through the sweet white falling  
Of the tender rain,  
With thy roses theeward  
Lift this dust again.

Make the heart within me  
That crumbles to obey,  
Perceive and know thy secret  
Desire from day to day ;

Even as thy roses,  
Knowing where they stand  
Before the wind, thy presence,  
Tremble at thy hand.

Make me, Lord, for beauty,  
Only this I pray,  
Like my brother roses,  
Growing day by day,

Body, mind and spirit,  
As thy voice may urge  
From the wondrous twilight  
At the garden's verge,

Till I be as they be,  
Fair, then blown away,  
With a name like attar,  
Remembered for a day.





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